

Serious by PlusSizeReader

Series: [Stranger Things Imagines \[21\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove

Relationships: Billy Hargrove x Reader, Billy Hargrove/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-02

Updated: 2021-06-02

Packaged: 2022-03-31 15:09:04

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,061

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

Word Count: 2061 words

Warnings: none

Summary: Reader doesn't feel good about herself and needs Billy to help her realize how beautiful she really is.

Serious

Billy exuded confidence into the world.

It was just the kind of person that he was.

No one could have ever seen any weakness in him, at least, no one that wasn't you. For as long as he'd known you, there had been a change in Billy. He finally had someone that he wanted to be better for, and for the most part, he was.

You made him a better person, and he liked to think that he did the same for you. By all accounts, you were the main source of strength in Billy's life, as odd as that was to him.

Between the two of you, he should have been the stronger one, but he just wasn't.

At his core, the Keg King was afraid almost all the time, and never felt too comfortable in any situation. It was hard to be, especially with how difficult his home life was.

Which was why he constantly put out such an opposing attitude into the world.

Billy didn't want anyone to know how truly vulnerable he was.

The truth was, he wasn't too sure about anything other than you in the first place. His home life was a wreck, he was bombing most of his classes, and nothing seemed to be going right.

That was why it came as such a shock when he came home to find you sitting at his kitchen table with your head in your hands.

You hardly ever came over, especially not without him leading you through the house so that you didn't have any uncomfortable conversations with his mom or Max, who had always intimidated you.

Not to mention the fact that his father lived here.

Billy was well aware of your opinion of the man, so it was a mystery to him that you would voluntarily be in his house alone, running the risk of his appearance at any moment.

It was weird

“What are you doing here?” he asked, taking a swig of his beer as he neared you, being careful to take in all of his surroundings as he did.

As best he could tell, no one else was home but that only served to make your sitting here alone that much stranger. Whenever you two had the place to yourself, and even when you didn’t, you were never away from him for very long.

It wasn’t like you.

There was a harshness in his words, as Billy didn’t bother to soften his tone. He hadn’t realized that there was something wrong with you, so it hadn’t occurred to him that he had to worry about upsetting you.

In fact, it wasn’t until you didn’t acknowledge him at all that he began to panic.

That had never happened before.

Even when you were mad at him, or you got into some kind of argument, you always had something to say. It was never quiet and now that it was, he was more worried than ever. Something was definitely wrong, and he had no idea what it could be.

“What happened?”

It was all he could think of, stepping closer to you ever so carefully. Billy may not have been the most gracious man alive, but the least he could do was try to help you through whatever it was.

That was kind of his job, after all.

You sighed, only raising your head from the table the second his hand fell on your back, Billy’s best attempt at being comforting. It wasn’t his forte of course, but with you, he did his best.

He was being sweet.

You were sure that you must have looked pathetic, your black makeup running down your face in streaks, leaving your eyes red and puffy.

It was hard for Billy to see, as the only thing he'd ever wanted to do was protect you. His fists instinctively tightened at the sight, he didn't know what it was but whenever he saw you this way, he just wanted to hit something.

Nothing should have ever hurt you.

Whatever or whoever had upset you better run because he was in a pummeling mood.

"Was he here? Did he say something to you?" he asked, pulling his chair up next to your own and tossing his arm over your shoulders as gently as he could. Naturally, he assumed that his father was in some way to blame for this.

After all, just because Billy hadn't seen him yet today didn't mean that he wasn't lurking around here somewhere.

That was what men like that did.

It wouldn't have surprised him if his dad had said or done something, and as much as you wanted to tell him that wasn't the case, you didn't want to deal with his anger.

You knew all too well that he was planning on applying his murder first, ask questions never motto and you weren't prepared to calm him down or cleaning up his mess.

Not today.

"What happened Y/N?" he repeated, his voice gaining that familiar edge that it always did when he got frustrated. As much as he loved you, he couldn't help but get a little testy when he couldn't get to the bottom of something.

All he wanted to do was help you but he couldn't do that until you

told him what had got you so down today. If it was his dad, he had to do something about it, and if it was something else, he'd figure that out too.

He just needed you to give him something to work with.

"I don't feel good today, okay? It's no big deal" you grumbled, doing your best to turn away from him although he wasn't exactly having it.

This shouldn't have been that big of a deal.

If there was something wrong with you, he would fix it. Whatever it was that was happening in your head, he could make it all better if you would just let him in to do what he did best.

He was your boyfriend, and you had to trust him with it.

"Well, are you sick?" he chides, not shocking you in the least. Of course that would be where his mind went.

Normally you would have just swept it under the rug and moved on but you really were having a shitty day and the last thing you needed was to spend the rest of the night pretending that everything was fine.

You knew that he was just worried about you and trying to be supportive but you really weren't in the mood to deal with it.

This was too much.

"No I'm not sick. You wouldn't understand" you huff, fully aware that no matter how hard he tried, he wouldn't.

The last thing in the world someone like Billy could comprehend was being uncomfortable in your own skin. He was physically perfect, and there wasn't anything in the world he needed to change.

That was something you could only imagine.

When you met his gaze, Billy's eyes were hazed with confusion and concern, both in equal increments. If you weren't sick, he had no idea

what else could be going on?

“Try me” he challenged, shocking you into a staggering silence. Of all the things that you’d been expecting to come out of his mouth, that wasn’t it at all.

Frankly, you were surprised that he didn’t finish his beer and head back up to his room, surely waiting for you to follow. In the past, that would be exactly what he would do.

“I’m sorry?” you hummed, after a few moments of searching his face for anything in the world that could clue you in on what he meant. It wasn’t super hard to guess, of course, it was just so out of character for him.

“You heard me” he chuckled, kicking his feet up on the table to further add to his little game.

You could hardly believe what you were seeing. Billy was playing with you, and while you had half a mind to smack him and move on, you couldn’t do it. He was actually turning this whole thing into a joke.

...and it definitely wasn’t.

You turned your chair closer to his own and propped your head up on your elbow, deciding to just go with it. However he reacted to what you were about to say, it would be better than watching him stare you down like he was now.

“I hate what I see in the mirror”

Your voice was nearly inaudible as you stared that much deeper into his face, doing all you could to read the gaze burning behind his eyes.

For someone you knew better than anyone else, you were really struggling to figure this out.

“How is that possible?” he interrupted, dropping his feet to the floor with a thud, an action that didn’t even startle you. In fact, you had been expecting a much more harsh reaction than this.

Though, you were admittedly struck by his words. You yourself didn't truly understand the question he was asking you.

"I don't know, I mean you've seen Nancy and Carol and I don't look like them" you level, carefully speaking in a way that would explain just how you were feeling without upsetting Billy.

You knew this was going to be hard for him to hear, but it wasn't exactly a cake walk for you to feel in the first place.

He cared so deeply and didn't like when you talked badly about yourself but you couldn't pretend this wasn't happening just for the sake of his feelings. This was something that you didn't want to ignore anymore.

It had been driving you crazy.

"That's what this is all about? You think I want Nancy? or Carol?" he staggered out, reaching out to take your hand in his own. It was hard for him to believe that you saw yourself as anything less than perfect.

You were an angel, and he had never hesitated to tell you before. Maybe he had messed up somehow or didn't tell you as often as he should have but whatever it was, he could change it.

He thought you were absolutely perfect.

You only shrugged, it wasn't that hard to imagine him being with either of them in your mind, they were both very pretty after all. Personality-wise, there wasn't much going on with them, but that couldn't have been that big a deal.

They were beautiful.

Your silence told him everything that he needed to know, and he couldn't help but be startled by your hesitance. He couldn't believe that that was what you were actually thinking.

"You can't be serious baby doll, you know you're the only one I want"

There was a brief moment of pause before Billy wrapped his arms

around your shoulders, holding you tight to his musclebound frame.

His action shocked you into silence, truly heartfelt actions like this were an occurrence few and far between with Billy but he made an exception seeing as you clearly needed this right now.

You could smell the faint odor of beer on his breath as he leaned into your face and let his lips brush over your own gingerly.

That's how you could tell he truly understood you needed this kind of closeness from him because he was being a lot more tender than he typically was.

"I love you, more than anything" he hummed, and there was something in his voice that let you know he was telling the truth.

Knowing that didn't really make his words any easier to deal with, or the situation you found yourself in any more bearable but you knew that he was trying his best.

Just knowing that Billy was here helped you feel a little better about the terrible day you'd had.

It was hard to believe something someone was telling you, even if it was the total truth, just because you didn't believe it yourself, but you had to put in some effort to try.

Billy didn't bother to say anything more as he held you close to him and just willed you into happiness as well as he could, and you had to let him.

You loved him more than anything in the world and as hard as today had been, no one made you feel beautiful like he did.